

filled this honourable office: among them was Lysias, the rival of Demosthenes, Aristides, and Themistocles, who obtained a prize for exhibiting a tragedy. The capitals of the columns in this little building are exceedingly beautiful, they have been introduced in half the shop fronts in London, and a close copy of the little structure itself is set up as a tower on the Roman Doric church of St. Philip, Regent-street.

The Tower of the Winds is an interesting building: the capitals of the columns are composed of water-leaves, and have a great resemblance to some of the Egyptian examples.

One of the most magnificent specimens of architecture ever witnessed must have been the Temple of Jupiter Olympius, at Athens. Let us picture to ourselves a building surrounded by 124 columns, each 6 feet in diameter and 60 feet in height, each end having three ranges of ten columns in front, and each flank presenting two ranges of 20 columns, and as the sixteen remaining columns prove, all of the most beautiful proportions and finish.

I hope to be able to shew, on some future occasion, that the finest works in Rome, of the Corinthian order, were produced by artists of Greece, which, in losing its independence as a state, did not, for some time, at least, resign her supremacy in matters of taste, justifying the generous and well-deserved eulogium of Horace:—

"Græcia capta, ferum victorem cepit, et artes Intulit agresti Latio."

EPICURE TO AUGUSTUS.

And to this hour is the influence of ancient Greece supreme, not merely in Italy, but in every land which makes a claim to be considered civilized;—to this hour the Athenian temples have never been surpassed as models of architectural purity;—to this hour the heavenly beauty of the Venus, by Praxiteles (yet supposed to be only a copy), which occupies the tribune of Florence, reigns alone, and

"Still enchants the world, and fills The air around with beauty."—BROWN.

To this hour
"The Lord of the unerring bow,
The God of life and poetry and light,
The sun in human limbs array'd, and brow
All radiant in his triumph from the fight,"
BROWN.

remains the perfection of the sculptor's art (although again but a copy),* the unapproached Apollo of the Vatican;—and to this hour also our arts and manufactures confess the all-ruling power of Greek taste; and the most beautiful forms of objects in daily use among the moderns, whether for luxury or comfort, are those which take their outline from the vases, the urns, the furniture, and the decorations of the Greeks.

In thus noticing our obligations to

"The ancient of days, august Athens,"

allow me in conclusion to introduce once more the name of him who exercised so paramount a sway in her destinies. Plutarch, in summing-up the character of Pericles, and comparing him, as was his wont, with a celebrated Roman (Fabius Maximus), concludes by saying, "As for the temples, the public edifices, and other works with which Pericles adorned Athens, all the structures of that kind in Rome put together until the times of the Cæsars, deserved not to be compared with them either in the greatness of the design, or the excellence of the execution."

In the British Museum, an interesting object is the bust of Pericles; it is inscribed with his name, and is distinguished by the helmet which he usually wore to hide the elongated shape of his head; and in the calm and philosophic features, we would fain believe that we contemplate a veritable portrait by the hand of his friend Phidias, or by one of the great master's pupils.

The tongue of the eloquent statesman has been mute for ages, that tongue which was said to be armed with thunder,—the arm of the hero-warrior has long since mouldered in the dust,—the graces and the charms which obtained for him the proud appellation of Olym-

pius from his admiring countrymen, descended with him to the tomb, when Athens mourned his loss; but the enduring monument to his greatness still exists in the buildings reared by his munificence, and in the universal influence they have exercised in the realms of taste.

G. R. FRENCH.

THE WORKMEN'S QUESTION.

ONE portion of the model prison at Portland is completed for the convicts, who are to be set to work on the breakwater. It contains 350 cells, and is one of four divisions of equal dimension, now in course of erection. Houses for foremen and others, are being built in all parts of the island, and the breakwater itself will soon be commenced. How thankful would thousands of honest labourers be at the present moment, were all this accommodation and this 'national work,' in progress on their account, in place of on that of the really privileged class, whose punishment those so much more worthy of consideration would be glad to have as a provision for their families, were it not tainted with an odour of corruption to which, honour to them, not even the pangs of hunger, aggravated by the callousness of rulers, can deaden the repugnance of the many. It is indeed, by contrast, painful in the extreme to contemplate, on the one hand, all that has been done, and is being done, in model and other prisons, and otherwise by the Government, for the comfortable subsistence of the criminal, while, on the other hand, he who rejects the most urgent temptation to crime, is either left to starve *until* he yield to that temptation; or if he preserve his integrity and obtain the means of earning an honest livelihood in arduous toil on public works, is at this very moment coolly cast adrift to swell the number of the breakwater worthies, and the workhouse wards, or the churchyard relics.

We are indeed much grieved to perceive that the pitiful and pitiless 'cheeseparing' system of retrenchment or 'economy,' if we can even dignify such acts with such a title, is being still further extended in various quarters—of course amongst those who have "got no friends"—amongst the poorest, the most helpless, the most voiceless, and as yet the most unresisting of the public servants. The artisans in the royal dockyards, it seems, are the next great national resource of a retrenching Government to fall back upon. These are to be 'picked off' by a few hundreds, while not the slightest reduction, either in pay or number, is to be made amongst even the officers who constitute the superiors of these very artisans! So says a Hampshire contemporary at least, and that it is consistent, at any rate, with the great principle on which 'retrenchments' have heretofore been 'fumelessly' and fruitlessly aimed at, no one can deny.

A like system, though a little more out of our own more limited province, is being also extended to the customs, where the notoriously most hard-working and meritorious, and already double-acrewed and squeezed and kilo-dried classes, such as the landing-waiters, are to be the sufferers,—as they indeed, and such as they, have already so repeatedly been, that it has appeared as if the Government really envied the poor men the immensity of the resources expended on them, and esteemed these resources as a legitimate and inexhaustible exchequer, on which to fall back whenever there is any difficulty in telling out the thousands per annum, and the tens of thousands, to their idler betters.

The folly, the iniquity, the selfishness, and after all, the utter inadequacy of such a system of retrenchment, they themselves may perhaps begin to be conscious of when it is too late, at least for their own personal advantage. Do they not consider that the dismissal of even a single drone who consumes from one to ten thousand a year for merely cumbering the hive of industry, would save them the trouble, at least, if not the grief, of ferretting out, and digging the mortal sting of dismissal into, a whole host of the poor, humble, working bees? As for the policy of the thing, we need only paraphrase the golden maxim—"Go to the Ant, thou Sluggard,"—not inaptly quotable itself here, by the way—with the still more closely applicable exhortation—Go to the Bee, thou Financier!

PROPOSED CORN EXCHANGE, EDINBURGH.

SIR,—As your journal is doubtless open to candid remarks on structures either built or unbuilt, even in cases where you may not wholly agree with the writer, you will perhaps allow me to make a few observations on the design of the new Corn Exchange, Edinburgh, as recently given in your pages.

Were it open to censure in no other respect, it is chargeable with one serious error, namely, the absence of character and expression of purpose. By character I mean that sort of it which announces tolerably distinctly the particular class to which a building happens to belong. That it is not very easy to impress such a decided stamp upon a building as shall indicate, not indeed the individual purpose for which it is erected (it must be left to an inscription to perform that), but as shall at least indicate that it belongs to such or such particular class, is quite certain. The difficulty of accomplishing this enhances the merit; and whether it be accomplished or not, it ought at least to be aimed at. Now Mr. Cousin's building is, in my opinion, altogether deficient in the architectural propriety just spoken of. It has very much more the look of being intended for a club-house than a corn-exchange.

So far from studying suitability of character, the architects of the present day are apt to shew themselves wholly regardless of it, and, consequently, sacrifice what, when attained, constitutes a merit of the highest order. Some of the Pall-mall club-houses have all at once brought what is termed the Italian palazzo style into vogue. The consequence is, that from a style it has fallen into a mere fashion. Facades, which are one and all of the same stamp, and look very much like mere architectural manufacture, are indiscriminately employed for all occasions and purposes,—for banks, insurance offices, railway stations, coal exchanges, corn exchanges, &c. Before that palazzo mode came up, the Greek costume (or what passed for such) was affected for nearly all sorts of buildings alike,—with what kind of judgment or success I need not say: neither thought, nor skill, nor taste, being brought to it, it was hackneyed in the most insufferable manner. The same is now likely to occur with regard to the particular mode of Italian in question; and one ill consequence is, that the style itself is brought into discredit and the taste of the general public is in danger of being corrupted by the many specious and showy yet really barbarous and vulgar designs that are allowed to pass muster because, as regards the mere fashion of them, they answer to the name of Italian. However agreeable it may be to Mr. Barry to be convinced of the great superiority of his productions in that style, he must, I should think, grow inwardly at the horrible doings of some of his imitators.

Having thus far pointed out the great importance of character in design, and want of it in Mr. Cousin's building, I will be brief in my particular objections to the latter. Considered merely as a design, it is faulty, if only because, instead of forming one complete composition, it is made to form two quite distinct portions. If a campaign was required, it should have been properly combined with the rest,—should have been included in the first idea, not merely tacked on to it, as if it had been an after thought or after addition. It may perhaps be fancied that, placed as it is, it contributes to picturesque; but in a building otherwise regular in design, picturesque should be produced by regularity; that is, while uniformity of composition is preserved, and not by arbitrary irregularity. The upper story windows, in picture-frame dressings, and cutting through what seems to be intended for the architrave of an enlarged and general entablature, reminds me of some of Borromini's worst freaks.

PHILCARTER.

MEETING OF MECHANICAL ENGINEERS.

—At Birmingham, the Institution of Mechanical Engineers had a meeting on 13th June. Mr. J. E. McConnel in the chair, when papers were read "On the Balancing of Wheels," by the chairman; "On an Express Engine," by Mr. Samuel; "On the Patent Condensing Engine," by Mr. Cradlock; and "On the recent Boiler Explosion at Dudley," by Mr. Smith of Dudley.

* Flaxman gave this as his firm opinion: "I am sure it is a copy," and thinks that it was copied from the bronze statue of Apollo Alektoos, by Calamis.